

THE HONOLULU TIMES.

ANNE M. PRESCOTT.....Editor

All communications to the Honolulu Times should be sent in at least three days before publication signed by the author, to the office, 82 Merchant street.

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THE NATIVE.

We are glad whensoever we meet a native, man or woman, well-dressed and holding a position of trust. It makes us hoppy to know that they are contented and happy. We would have them all, if we might, in comfortable and lucrative places—the pretty home and the children about them.

And other things being equal we would always give the native the preference.

Never send the native away, but the white man, where only room for one.

Any man (or woman) is worthy of commendation for trying to keep his business affairs in his own hands; it is certainly sound sense, while it is not so very poetical. It means often hard work and plodding industry from early dawn to evensong and often later. But victory, and not loss, is the sure result.

All communications for the *Honolulu Times* must be sent in early and must have the writer's signature.

Any subscriber not receiving his paper kindly ring up Tel. Blue 251.

N. B.—

Pay no heed to Mr. Scatterbrain wherever you may meet him, but always look for Mr. Stedfast.

It is not the country that makes a gentleman; but, the breed."

We want a good Legislature, men who make for righteousness.

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"Come, ye children, and hearken unto me: I will teach you the fear of the Lord.

What man is he that lusteth to

live, and would fain see good days? Keep thy tongue from evil: and thy lips, that they speak no guile. Eschew evil, and do good: seek peace, and ensue it." Now the Editor most entirely believes that "Mother" Taylor, spoken of in this morning's paper, has in her daily life done all that is required by God, through the Psalmist. But, we would like much to know if from, say, the Grand Climacteric, sixty-three years, she has tried to pursue any set rule of diet and exercise? We would like to know very much how she, herself accounts, at least, in part, for her 81 years. Counsel and advice from the aged are like "Apples of Gold." We certainly should "covet, life;" and it would seem as if all those who are blessed with home and friends and health here, in this lovely country—this pearl of all island groups should faithfully strive to help any who are not so fortunate as they themselves.

INDUSTRIAL FARM SCHOOLS.

Do you want to save the Hawaiian race? Put an Industrial School on each one of the Islands.

The smallest child can be taught not only to sow the seeds of industry and thrift but those of lettuce, turnips, melons, etc. Put there, Cows and fowls and incubators.

Plant the vine, the fig, and whatever else will find a market. Have flower-gardens, nurseries for young trees, orchards. Have "a stretch of the imagination" if you can make any money out of it, to help along the gigantic scheme, that it prove no "bubble." And, finally, close all the little country schools that are not, and can not be, under the circumstances, good producers at least not nearly the best, and teach the children how to literally, earn their own living.

Then, will you meet on every road, in this country of mid-ocean, famously good men and women—intelligent "beyond anything," self-helpful and righteous. May God hasten that bridge-building over the chasms of Indolence and Vice that are today sapping the native.

I have never conned Politics, Honey, Republican, Democrat or Home Ruler; yet, I know that none but a rogue, would trade his vote for money. *Now!*

A MANIA.

It is getting to be a perfect mania to harp on, the times, of these Islands—the "hard times!" We have been in from the beach for two days only, and we confess to feeling fairly bared on the subject. It gives us a bad turn to meet whether a banker or a bankrupt, for both seem to be equally dead broke, if not in realty in fancy. Oh dear! we do just hate to hear anyone groan, even when in pain. But, now, when we have no plague, no pestilence no disaster of any sort—when the skies are lovely and Koreas are steaming portward, to hear continually the old song:—"Quiet" "nothing going on" "collapse," yards and yards of it, we must exclaim: For pity's sake hold your tongue!

We most heartily wish some one would bring a first-rate company here and give to us a run of good comedy and farce and pantomime to shorten up the faces we note on the street.

Certainly, the Queen shall be paid ("sure") in good gold, a goodly sum; and, we shall hope to be invited to that *luau* following! Now three times three and a tiger for Hawaii's Queen.

For a few minutes it often disgusts one with truth seeing how successful falsehood is. "It's no use to try to do right," says someone.

Yes, that Legislature of two years ago still leaves a bad taste in the mouth. There's a great man at the top of this Territory. Honey, He'll speak the unvarnished truth—and not too funny.

"Our Delegate to Congress!" yes.

We don't care a crooked pin what color a man's skin, or what his political platform if he be only honest—a white-souled man. That is the point. And we recognise no superiority but brains and spirituality. To that we bow low and doff our cap. A man may be whiter or he may be brown, we heed it not. He may be half white and half brown, or again, he may be half brown and half white, what recks it? To what wretched poverty of thought, and malicious